

Middleton

VOL. 2.

MIDDLETON, NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

EVERY SUBSCRIBER
TO THIS PAPER

I hereby congratulate on the fact that he has
spread freely before him

The ADVERTISEMENT of
ROCKHILL

WILSON,
The Best and Oldest Established Clothing
House of Philadelphia.

ROCKHILL & WILSON

Would say to all the subscribers, and all of
their neighbors and relations, that they have
made the most ample preparations for an
immense business for the present Fall.

ROCKHILL & WILSON

Have laid in an immense stock of the most de-
sirable goods, both of American Manufacture and
of Foreign Importation, from which they offer
the most delightfully fitting suits, either ready-
made or to order at the shortest possible notice.

ROCKHILL & WILSON

Invite gentlemen from the surrounding Coun-
try, Towns, Cities and Villages, to call at their
GREAT BROWN STONE HALL, 603 and 605
CHESTNUT STREET, where they will find op-
portunity to select from the abundance of elegant
Fall apparel, at lower prices than anywhere else
in town.

Respectfully yours,

ROCKHILL & WILSON,
GREAT BROWN STONE HALL,
603 and 605 CHESTNUT Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

Sept. 25-30

NEW STOVE, TIN,
AND

HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

THOMAS H. ROTHWELL'S
NEW BUILDING,

North Side of Main Street, & Buildings West
of Town Hall,

Middleton, Delaware.

Where he has constantly on hand, and is pre-
pared to manufacture

ALL KINDS OF TIN WARE,

At Short Notice.

Particular attention paid to
ROOFING AND SPOUTING.
Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to.

STOVES.

THE NATIONAL,
CONTINENTAL,
ORIENTAL,
CHARM,

GERM.,

SUN.,

LITTLE GIANT,
BRILLIANT,

Prize and the Victor Cook.
Orders will be received and promptly filled for
any kind of Stove that may be ordered.

GALVANIZED RUSSIA AND SHEET IRON
ZINC,

COAL HODS, SEIVES,

POKERS, SHOVELS,

TEA KETTLES, BAKEPANS, WAFFLE IRONS

SAD IRONS, BRASS & ENAMELLED

PRESERVING KETTLES,

ENAMELLED SAUCE PANS,

TEA BELLS, JAPANNED CHAMBER BUCKETS,

SPITTOONS, WAITERS, LANTERNS,

FLOWER AND PEPPER BOXES,

SAND CUPS, MATCH SAFES (Cast Iron),

MOLASSES CUPS,

PEACH CANS,

(Soldered and Self-Sealing)

PATENT CLOTHES FRAMES, &c. &c. &c.

Attention is respectfully called to our new

FAMILY & RESTAURANT STOVE

Which is especially adapted to stowing, frying
and broiling oysters.

No wood, no coal, no coal gas, no stove pipe
no ashes, no dirt, no wood boxes, no coal scuttle,
no kindling wood but a friction match, and
the fire in full blast in half a minute, even hot in
two minutes, steak broiled in seven minutes
bread baked in forty minutes, the fire extin-
guished in a moment. It has no rival in all
kinds of cooking, and its economy, convenience,
neatness, safety and durability.

Please call and examine it in operation at

Thomas H. Rothwell's Stove Store,

MIDDLETON, DEL.

Sole owner of the stove for the State.

Prompt attention to business, moderate prices,
competent workmen, and a determination to
please, may at all times be expected by those who
may favor him with their custom.

Aug. 28-29

Select Poetry.

OCTOBER COLORS.

BY W. D. HOWELLS

The year grows splendid!—On the mountain steep
Now lingers long the warm and gorgeous light,
Dying by slow degrees into the deep,
Delicious night.

The final triumph of the perfect year,
Rises the wood's magnificent array!
Beyond, the purple mountain heights appear,
And slope away.

The elm with musical, slow motion leaves
Elm with his top the Virgin's Bower waves
Her scarlet hair.

Where spring first hid her violets 'neath the fern—
Where summer's fingers op'd, fold after gold,
The odorous, wild red rose's heart—now burn
The leaves of gold.

Now Nature pours her last and noblest wine!
Like some baccant, beside the singing streams,
Declines the enchanted day, wrapt in Divine,
Impassioned dreams.

The lofliest hill, the liveliest flowering herb,
The fairest fruit of season and of clime,
All wear alike, the mood of the superb
Autumnal time.

But where the painted leaves are falling fast,
Among the hills, beyond the fartherest hill,
There sits a shadow, dim, and sad, and vast,
And lingers still.

And still we hear a voice among the hills,
A voice that mourns among the haunted woods
And with the mystery of its sorrow fills
The solitude.

For while gay Autumn gilds the fruit and leaf,
And dons her fairest garments wear,
Lo! Time forever in his mighty sheaf
Binds up the year!

The mighty sheaf which never is unbound!
The Reaper whom our souls beseech in vain!
The lost last year that never may be found
Or loved again.

Popular Tales.

From the *Baltimore Saturday Night*.

HOW I SAVED MY WIFE.
An Adventure in the Tropics.

BY JACKSON.

The sun was fast disappearing, in a golden burst of transparent beauty, over the "Iron Hills" far away in the direction of that gay little watering place, "so well-known to many Americans," nestling among the hills in the interior of Cuba, as seated in the front of my quarters, a rickety and dilapidated old concern, which seemed to have stood the combined tornadoes of a century, enjoying my Havana, I gazed in admiration on the animated scene going on in the rich valley, in my immediate front; the negroes in their quaint and varied costumes singing merrily, as the tall and luscious sugar cane fell quickly before their sweeping and busy mallets, the echoes reverberating through the green and golden orange groves which skirted the hills, forming the boundaries of the most beautiful "ingenio" of which the Queen of the Antilles can boast.

These remarks did not add to my happiness, but they gave me little concern, when compared to the delirious fits which now had possession of my heated brain, as burying the rowels in my pony's sides I dashed madly along. My road for some miles lay along a beautiful valley, from the summit of the hills surrounding which, I was informed, he placed his *pan de Matanzas*, a high cone-like hill, which I was enjoined to keep in view, as the *pan* of Matanzas, a high cone-like hill, a kind of North Star, until I struck the Havana road, when, turning east, I was to follow such to the end of my journey.

It was near ten o'clock when I reached the top of the hill, and dismounting, I seated myself to wait the rising of the moon, the better to observe the road, and especially the mountain which was to be my guide. My pony was grazing a few feet from me; a thousand maddening thoughts were passing through my mind, when suddenly a sense of the solitary position I occupied began to steal over me. What if they were attacked, aye, and murdered? Then I would think of the mysterious letter, and was all myself again. I had been seated half an hour when I fancied I could hear a slight noise. I listened attentively; in a few minutes I could distinctly hear the approach of horsemen as they came at a gallop up the side of the valley. Quick as thought I was alongside my pony, and drawing him into the tail shrubbery so as to conceal us both, I waited the approach of the strangers, determined to learn something of their character before scraping an acquaintance. That there was more than one it was now evident, and as they neared me they slackened their pace, their horses being apparently blown.

Under any other circumstances his chances would have been small, indeed; but cut, bruised, with my foot broken and face lacerated from the fall, I was in a sorrowful plight to fight for my life; still, he had hard work before him, and had I not lost my pistol in the scuffle, mine would have been easy.

In vain did he try to free his sword arm, or to keep uppermost, as we rolled over and over, covered with blood and dirt, while maledictions on *todos Americanos* came hissing through his grinding teeth.

His companion, with more pluck than could possibly serve him under the circumstances, having fastened the horses to a tree drew his hanger, and with a fearful oath rushed at me. Covering him as he advanced, I waited, to make a sure thing, until he was close on me; then I fired. With the quickness of lightning he ducked, and ere I could meet him again he was upon me, dealing a severe blow, which I received on my left arm, partially disabling it. I sprang at him, and grasping his legs, tore him to the ground, and a dreadful struggle now commenced.

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I still held him like a vice, but was momentarily getting weaker from loss of blood, which now flowed quickly from a deep wound in my temple. My grasp on the bandit was relaxing, and I shouted for help as loud as my failing strength would permit. Perceiving this, the Spaniard redoubled his efforts; succeeding, he struck me a tremendous blow with the hilt of his sword, which partially stunned me. I remember hearing a shout, and could see men about, when the villain repeated the blow, and I became unconscious.

When I awoke from my trance it was late in the day. I was lying on a cot in a miserable rancher or hut, scarcely better than a log house; an old woman was bathing my wounded head, rocking to and fro all the time in a most inconsolable manner.

Lying on the bare ground, which served as a floor, were three browned looking men, in the garb of foreign sailors; they were heavily ironed, while crouched in a corner, bound hand and foot, was a strange looking fellow, his head bent on his bosom, and groaning audibly, while blood streamed from a deep cut in his forehead, which vainly attempted to wipe with his pinched hands; at the door, or entrance, stood two soldiers or country police, with a sergeant, who, on seeing me open my eyes, came forward and kindly asked if I felt better.

"Yes," I replied, "much better; but what means all this—those prisoners ironed, and you fellow?"

"Did you notice if he was armed?" said the third party, turning around in his saddle, revealing features anything but propitious.

"I cannot say as to that," said the fellow addressed as Pancho, "but he appeared to be half crazy, or probably drunk."

"Let us push on," said the party on the white horse, "we will soon see, for he cannot be far ahead." And breaking into a smart canter, they were soon lost to my view.

My position was not to be envied, for it was evident those cut throats were upon my trail; not that I had anything worth stealing, but I had learned enough to convince me those gentrified were not particular whether they killed you before or after robbing you. True, I could return to the village, but that would not only spoil my calculations, but would amount to something very like cowardice. Such were my thoughts, as tightening my girths, I sprang into the saddle and rode forward, my plan being to outride them if possible, and if attacked, defend myself while I could, and having placed my revolver in a convenient position, I lighted a cigar and pressed forward, keeping a bright lookout for my knights of the road, though hopefully I would not see them.

Matanzas, Dec. 18.

"Sir: On receipt of this you will come quickly here; make no delay, as matters look serious." —Eliza —

The writer—probably some sympathizing foreigner who had called to see her, had been requested to write, had listened to her last words, had closed her eyes in death—to me was unknown. The thought was maddening. What was to be done?

"No train till pine to morrow," said my friend, the Scotch engineer, in answer to my question, "and as for going to-night, you must not think of it; you would never reach there."

"I will go to Matanzas to-night," I replied, calmly, "should all the ladrones on the island be on the road."

"Ho, ho!" I shouted, "bring a horse, and be quick."



Transcript.

NO. 44.

Riding up quickly, he placed his horse alongside mine, and saluting me most blandly, asked for a light. Seeing he was lone, I returned his salute, and passed my lighted cigar, never for a moment taking my eyes off him. He was a muscular fellow, of medium height, dressed in the garb of a farmer, and wearing the long, straight sword of that class.

Having lighted, he passed me the cigar, and in a voice unnecessarily loud, with which I guessed the meaning, remarked:

"You are going to Matanzas?"

I replied, finishing the sentence for him—

"And as I am hurried, I must push on." So saying, I drew my revolver, and gathering them under my arm, I fled. In an instant he was alongside me, and drawing a heavy horse pistol from his belt, he shouted to halt.

Not stopping a moment, for I could distinctly hear his companions making good time, I urged my pony forward at his utmost.

On they came, with a yell, on behold-
ing their dead leader; on I went, also
at a breakneck pace, not caring whether, but
still keeping the main road.

It was evident the chase would be short for they were nearing me at every stride, and swearing horribly.

I turned to fire, my horse shied, and losing my balance, I fell headlong to the ground.

On they came, with a yell, on behold-
ing their dead leader; on I went, also
at a breakneck pace, not caring whether, but
still keeping the main road.

It was evident the chase would be short for they were nearing me at every stride, and swearing horribly.

I received the reward, which I was happy to share with my preservers, who, with two hundred and fifty each in their pockets, saluted for home in the next steamer.

Having a short time previous, been told of my adventure, she became suddenly better, the excitement having completely broken the fever, which, otherwise, would certainly have proved fatal. In a few days she was quite recovered, and never ceased now to attribute her miraculous preservation to the pounding I got from the brigands.

The bodies of the robbers were brought to town and identified as being, when living, the most relentless and cruel murderers.

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One of the monks at the celebrated Convent of Einsiedeln is one hundred and eight years old. He is in full possession of his mental faculties, and retains a wonderful memory, for which he has always been highly esteemed.

The family of Jool Parker, of Northfield, Vermont, is remarkable for longevity.

He was born April 22, 1780, and his wife died January 23, 1869, at the Bristol Infirmary, Somersetshire, England.

On Friday, May 20, 1869, Mrs. Charlotte Guthrie died at the East Mains of Nanmadrone, Farfarsire, Scotland, aged one hundred and one years.

Count de Waldeck, of Paris, although one hundred and eight years of age, was still robust, and entered his hundred and ninth year.

The bodies of the robbers were brought to

The Middletown Transcript.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 20, 1860.

SCOUNDRELISM EXPOSED.—Rev. A. Ritton, of Smyrna, Del. has done the community a service for which he deserves its thanks. He has been at some pains to investigate and expose the imposition practiced upon the public by a certain Rev. Edward A. Wilson, who represents that he was cured of consumption in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, and being "anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure" he offers to send the prescription, to all who desire it, free of charge. Circulars which accompany this prescription, represent that the formula is that of Dr. Churchill, of Paris, a physician who was gaining a high reputation from his cures of consumption by the use of his preparations of the *Extract of Blodgett's* in combination with the *Hydrocephalites of Linne*. Now, it appears that *Blodgett's* is unknown to pharmacy, and is a swindle. Of course, no druggist can put up the prescription; consequently, it has to be put up by Rev. Edward A. Wilson, Williamsburg, Kings county, N. Y. who charges for it whatever price he pleases; and here is the source of his profit and the secret of his benevolent desire to "benefit the afflicted." His advertisement has been published for years, in nearly all the papers of this country, and he has doubtless accumulated thousands of dollars through this means. We published it some years ago, but becoming satisfied that it was a scheme to swindle the public, we have steadily refused to publish it since. The card of Wilson, headed "To Consumers;" the card of Ogden, headed "Errors of Youth;" the Howard Association, the Lock Hospital, and all such publications, have for years been excluded from our columns, though frequently urged to insert them, because we believed them to be improper publications, and would not make ourselves accessories in swindling the suffering and unfortunate.

BUSINESS DULL IN NEW YORK.—The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger writes:

"On all hands we are again hearing complaints of dull times. The West is not sending on its grain as freely as was expected, and many of its debts here still need liquidation in consequence. As yet there are scarcely any signs of the Christmas and New Year's trade which in certain lines of business usually begins to be visible about this time."

The Dry Goods Reporter says:—"The unusually large number of stores and dwellings for rent and for sale in New York city at the present time indicates a transition period in real estate. It was formerly a difficult matter to obtain a store in Broadway, and persons had to wait months for a vacancy; but at present there is scarcely a block below Canal street that does not contain one or more stores for rent. It is nearly the same in the side streets of Broadway. Some of the large business blocks, constructed under such promising auspices, have failed to realize the anticipations of their owners, who have been obliged to make considerable concessions to tenants. Some large stores, that formerly brought \$42,000 a year, can now be obtained for \$25,000, with but few takers. The reduction has not been so heavy in the case of the smaller class of stores, but in these the tendency is decidedly downward. In the Bowery, on the business avenues, and in the sister city of Brooklyn, there are now more stores to be rented than at any period since the crisis of 1857."

THE EVILS OF OUR FINANCIAL SYSTEM.—Appreciation of the evils of our system of two currencies, regulated by the general government, is shown in an article on "The Incredible Power of the American Chancellor of the Exchequer," published in the London Economist, suggested by the recent panics in New York in the stock and gold markets. After asserting that the English nation would deem it most extraordinary and most pernicious if Mr. Robert Lowe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, could excite or ruin the speculations in London, the Economist contends that Mr. Boutwell, under the greenback system, has the power to make the price of gold what he pleases, as well as the rate of interest. The Economist argues as follows: "The large daily receipts of the customs are paid in gold, and if that gold is kept in the treasury and not sold, the price of gold can be raised as high as the government like. Again, if the government first accumulate a large stock of gold, and then sell it for greenbacks, it can raise the rate of interest as high as it wishes. There is no money at New York but 'greenbacks,' and by selling gold, and keeping the paper paid for that gold, money can be made scarce at will. The government is not now going to do so; but they are going to sell gold and buy bonds with the money; but they could do it, and it is the most extraordinary power ever conferred on any government. No finance minister in Europe ever was the financial despot that Mr. Boutwell is in America." This is certainly one of the great evils of our system, but only one of them. There are others equally as bad; among them the fact that the national banks are an exclusive institution with immense special privileges, and no requirement to redeem their issues in real money."

The great event of the week is the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court on Monday last in the *Yerger* case, in favor of habeas corpus. Radicals in Washington are said to regard it as a fatal blow to the reconstruction acts of Congress.

EXCITEMENT AT DOVER AND CLAYTON.—Claimants of the land whereon stand the towns of Dover and Clayton, have presented themselves in those places, it is said, and are about to institute legal proceedings to recover their claims. In reference to Clayton, it is said, that some years ago Richard Tibbett held possession of 100 acres whereon that town now stands. About eight years ago, Richard Tibbett, at an advanced age, died, and his financial affairs not being left in a satisfactory condition, his land was disposed of at Sheriff's sale. Dr. Wm. Daniels, of Smyrna, and Mason Bailey, of Kenton, becoming the joint purchasers. They wisely made the most of their bargain—built houses, sold lots, &c. and Clayton grew into importance.

The Herald says:—"About three years ago, a man claiming to be Richard Tibbett's brother, arrived in the vicinity, and stated that the land having been entailed by their father to Richard, during their life, and at his death, to him, he was the rightful owner, and commenced, or was about to commence a suit for the land. In a short time, however, this claiming brother seemed to have got a 'flea in his ear,' and suddenly disappeared; whether he went down in a cave, or up in a balloon, we have never been able to ascertain, and whether he disappeared by fair play or foul-play, the oldest inhabitant has never informed us."

"And now comes on John Whortenby, hailing from the far-off State of California, and claiming to be the nephew and legal heir of the aforesaid Richard. This last claimant, evidently means business, having caused to be served upon the tenant, Mr. Gillmore, a writ of ejectment to try and determine the title.

We understand that Daniels and Bailey, the owners, or holders of the farm, are very much agitated in regard to the matter, while parties who have purchased lots from the different holders and made improvements thereupon, are all astir, and we learn a meeting is soon to be held to raise a fund to resist the claiming of the man from the Golden State.

The present owners of the land hold that Hon. N. B. Smithers, some years ago, drew a deed for this same land from Richard Tibbett to Isaac Hazell, and that Hazell deeded back to Tibbett, all of which was done with a view to break or entail the entailment, and that when the late Chancellor Harrington, President of the Delaware Railroad, procured depot grounds from Tibbett, examined the title and was satisfied with it.

On the other hand, Hons. T. F. Bayard and W. G. Whitley are Mr. Whortenby's counsel." "When Doctors disagree who shall decide?"

The foregoing reminds us that a number of years back a lady made her appearance in Easton, Md. and set up a claim to the lands there, and the improvements thereon. Much excitement grew out of it for a time. Her claim was made, if we recollect rightly, as heir of the Lord Proprietary. A town meeting was called and the question discussed by the late Hon. Robert Henry Goldsborough, John Leeds Kerr and William Hayard, Esqrs. the two latter gentlemen leading members of the Talbot bar. The groundless character of the claim was fully exposed, and so the matter ended. Whether the Claytonians and Doverians will fare so well, remains to be seen.

Ex-President Andrew Johnson has been defeated in the Tennessee Legislature for U. S. Senator. It is asserted that he was jockeyed out of the election by a political trick, Cooper's name having been withdrawn on the day before as a ruse to test Johnson's full strength, the Stokes men agreed to join in a vote for Mr. Cooper if Etheridge would withdraw and make Johnson's defeat certain. As a compromise man he was enabled to poll the required votes on the first ballot, and beat the ex-President by four votes. Mr. Johnson may yet be elected, should Brownlow die.

Business men, of this town, are informed that they can get colored posters printed at this office, as well as they can get them at Black Horse Alley, or any other place in Philadelphia. If they go to the city to get their work done, can they complain if others go to the city for their supplies. To encourage home trade is a better plan. A word to the wise is sufficient.

VIRGINIA U. S. SENATORS.—Lieutenant Governor John F. Lewis and Judge John W. Johnson have been elected U. S. Senators from Virginia by the Legislature of that state. Both Senators are said to be able to take the ironclad oath.

We incontinently raise our hat and make our profoundest salam to our correspondent "Apis," for the compliment which he pays to the TRANSCRIPT.

Henry Ward Beecher has delivered himself of a stirring protest against the neglect of the Confederate dead at Gettysburg by the government and Northern people. He went over the battle-field recently, and was shocked at the exposed remains and robbery of the shallow graves and trenches in which the poor Southern slain were not decently buried, and whose proper reinterment has never been cared for since, while with the Union dead the contrary has been the case. He refers to the fact that "We disburden the gibbet tenderly and give sepulture to murderers," and asks, "Can it be possible that a great and generous nation will much longer suffer for the Confederate dead to lie disheveled in such utter and contemptuous neglect?"

West Virginia elected a State Legislature Thursday. The returns are very meagre, but are said to indicate Democratic gains.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

By invitation of one of the Trustees of the Poor, we dined at the Alms House, on Tuesday, in company with the Trustees, the Grand Jury, and several invited guests. The dinner served by Superintendent Mr. Isaac Crouch, and the ladies of his family, was such as might have tempted the palate of an epicure. After dinner the West Chester Teaser, the Jury and ourselves, were introduced to Miss Dix, who made some valuable suggestions as to the proper care and provision for the insane. Her remarks were listened to with respectful attention, and when she closed a vote of thanks was unanimously passed by the board of Trustees for the lively interest she had everywhere manifested in the welfare of the unfortunate. Her suggestions exceeded those of a sane building for the insane, well heated in steam and thoroughly ventilated, with ample grounds for recreation and exercise. The separation of the sexes was recommended, and the supervision of an experienced resident physician in the establishment. Moderate labor and employment, and every attention comfort, with same male and female attendants in each and every branch of industry and in every department. She recommended economy in all things, but not parsimony. Everything for comfort and convenience, but nothing for show or ornamentation, or, at least, to make that a secondary consideration.

REGISTER OF WILLS APPOINTED.—Gov. Saulsbury has appointed Benjamin Gibbs, Esq. of Appoquinimink Hundred, Register of Wills in and for New Castle County, vice Robert C. Fraim, Esq. whose term has expired. The Delaware Republican will pay the following tribute to the new appointee and also to the retiring officer: Mr. Gibbs entered upon his duties the present week, and as he is polite and gentlemanly, and possessed of good address, we have no doubt he will make an efficient and popular officer. Mr. Fraim carries with him in retiring from office the esteem and respect of all. The citizens of this county have been favored by the appointment of efficient and popular men to this office, for many years back, and we feel that they will not be cause of complaint for at least four years to come. We wish, however, that Mr. Fraim could have served another term. For his services to the public, we wish to say, we congratulate the citizens that Mr. Gibbs has the good fortune to be his successor. Mr. G. was in early life an earnest Whig, and in 1832 was elected to the Constitutional Convention over Mr. Samuel Townsend, but for some reason he joined the Democrats, a few years afterwards, and has continued to be an active member of that party. We understand that Mr. Fraim intends to become a resident of our city, and engage as an agent for the Delaware Life Insurance Company.

We dropped in on Wm. K. Kennard, No. 303, Market street, Wilmington, Del., on Wednesday evening, and found him in his office of active and efficient clerks, as busy as they could be, and a crowd of customers thronging the store. Kennard understands the true principle of driving a successful trade. Few men advertise more extensively or more successfully. He isn't afraid of using printer's ink, and through the press he keeps a standing invitation to the public to call and examine his goods and learn his prices, he is most assiduous in his efforts to give satisfaction. No wonder we always find his store thronged with customers whenever we enter it.

They have a Library and a Lyceum, and public debates, in Smyrna. When shall we have similar institutions here? How pleasant, how profitable, to employ the long winter evenings in these intellectual exercises, where the attrition of mind upon mind polishes like a mirror, and elevates and ennobles all who participate in them. A Lyceum and a Library were one of the objects proposed by the Legislature in 1832, to be built in Town Hall. Who will confer a lasting honor upon himself, and a substantial benefit upon this community, by leading the way in founding a valuable Public Library here? It is an object worthy of princely munificence.

THE DELAWARE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—While attending the Agricultural Fair, at Westminster, Carroll Co. Md. a week or two ago, we were called on by a gentleman who had just effected a policy for \$5,000. Mr. E. T. Evans, Dr. John Vasey becomes his successor. Mr. Vasey has been a very faithful, efficient, and acceptable officer, both to the Company and the public. We hope that Mr. Vasey may be able to give equal satisfaction.

FAILED.—The champion long distance pedestrian, Young Miles, who began hisfeat of walking 105 consecutive hours without sleep, for a purse of \$300, on Tuesday last at 2 o'clock, at Chadwick's Museum, in West Fourth street, gave out from extreme fatigue and physical exhaustion. Extraordinary events took place between 8 o'clock, failing to accomplish the task by 2 hours and 45 minutes only.—*Del. Gazette*.

Rev. James H. Lightfoot, of Dover, lectured to a crowded audience in the M. E. Church, on Tuesday night, on Temperance. The newly-formed club rendered some of their finest temperance songs, and the Band of Hope went through their catechetical exercises. Rev. John Chambers and John B. Gough, are expected here, during the fall.

The 15th of October is rather early for ice in this latitude, yet the ponds were frozen over on the morning of that day, and nearly every day after. Many persons are preparing a cold winter, but predictions are idle. A cold October is often succeeded by a blinding Indian Summer, in November.

NUTRIO.—A party of ladies and gentlemen from this town, drove over to Middle Neck, Cecil County, Md. on Tuesday, in search of Chestnuts. They were quite successful, and many jokes as well as nuts were cracked, and one gentleman of the party had never been near cracking himself by fall.

A wedding last week, and two more this week, one at St. Ann's and one at Forest Church, Middletown, have served to break the monotony of life here, for some days past. Whose turn next? Ah! we can't answer that question; but, we shall see.

CLAYTON.—John Whortenby, of California, has raised a claim to the town of Clayton, as the nephew and heir of Richard Tibbett. He has engaged the services of Hon. T. F. Bayard and W. G. Whitley. So says the Clayton Herald.

Caleb Smithers, Esq. a prominent citizen of Kent county, died at his residence in Frederica, on Thursday week, in the 73rd year of his age. The deceased was widely and favorably known throughout the State.

Over 400 baskets of peaches were shipped from Maryland on Wednesday 13th inst. A large quantity for so late in the season.

DEATH OF COL. LEMUEL ROBERTS.—On Wednesday the 20th inst. as Col. Roberts was proceeding home from Crumpton, Queen Anne's county, Md. he was seized with sudden illness, and in attempting to get out of his carriage, fell to the ground, sustaining some injury, his horse passing over with the carriage. Two friends, recognizing the horse, went in search of Col. R. and found him lying in the road opposite Pottowomoy school house. He was conveyed to his home and expired next day. Col. Roberts had long been identified with the public affairs of the county and State, having represented the county a number of times in the State Legislature, held the office of Register of Wills, Lottery Commissioner, and Commissioner of Public Works. He was an urbane and genial gentleman, and his loss will be deeply felt.

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GOV. BOWIE HAS RECOMMENDED THURSDAY.—The 18th day of November next, as a day of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God for the bounteous blessings bestowed upon the land during the last year. The day is the same as that designated by the President.

West Virginia elected a State Legislature Thursday. The returns are very meagre, but are said to indicate Democratic gains.

REVOLUTIONARY FRANCE.

There is a great political excitement throughout a large portion of the Empire of France. The Emperor has lost his prestige. The change which is now making from a system of personal government to one of ministerial responsibility has let loose all the elements of disorder. The manifesto of one hundred and sixteen members of the *Corps Legislatif*, joined to the result of the elections, forced upon the Government various measures of reform, which extend the liberty of the people to the verge of license. But the Emperor unwisely refused to convocate the Legislative Assembly for the 26th of October, which was the time originally set for the opening of the session. Forty of the newly elected members, all of them bitter and intensely vindictive ultra radicals, have taken the name of "Irreconcilables," and have openly declared their intention to overturn the Empire and set up a Republic in its stead. They denounce the order of the Government delaying the meeting of the *Corps Legislatif* until the 29th of November. Under the leadership of M. Raspail, thirteenth of them—the remaining twenty-seven holding aloof—determined to assemble on Tuesday last, and demand the right to organize in Legislative session. If they carried this intention into effect, it was feared that serious trouble would ensue. All Paris, for several weeks past, has been in a state of agitation. The gravity of the political question was of itself a sufficient cause for anxiety, but this was increased by the strikes for higher wages that have taken place there. Nine thousand clerks have quitted, in Paris alone, their places of employment. The journeymen gilders of that city are also on a strike. Riots have occurred among the miners at St. Aubin, which were not quelled until the military was called out and sixteen persons killed and twenty wounded. At the Folies Belleville a number of Radicals have been brought into collision with the police, and were not dispersed until several were wounded. On this occasion, benches were torn up, and arm chairs smashed turned into weapons and projectiles. Other bodies of working-men have been tampered with, and it was feared that the determination of the "Irreconcilables" to proceed in a body to the Legislative Chamber, in accordance with the programme of action they had laid down for themselves, would bring matters to a climax.

The Government was not idle. It at once, took extraordinary measures to put down by the strong hand a popular uprising. Large bodies of troops have been concentrated at or near Paris. Marshal Bazaine has been appointed Commander of the Imperial Guard, and rumors were current that if any attempt at revolution was made, orders had been issued to move down the insurgents with artillery. These vigorous proceedings indicate the extent to which the revolutionary spirit prevails at this time in France, and the determination of the Government to put it down at all hazards. The bold attitude thus assumed has had its effect. There was no disturbance, and so far as we have yet learned, no seditions arise. All through the day Paris was perfectly tranquil, and in the evening the Emperor drove through the principal streets in an open carriage to give confidence to the timid by proving to them that he has confidence in himself.

Nevertheless, the end is not yet. His fate, as well as that of his dynasty, depends on the ultimate result of the conflict still pending between him and the "Irreconcilables." They refuse point blank, to recognize the Empire to which, as members of the *Corps Legislatif*, they are obliged to swear allegiance; and they are bending all their efforts to bring about the overthrow of what they call "Napoleonism." In this they have the support of the populace of all the large cities throughout France. The proscripted of the *Coup d'Etat* are working with them. Victor Hugo, Ledru Rollin, implicated long since in the attempt to assassinate the Emperor, Louis Blanc, Garnier Pages, Jules Favre, Barbes, Raspail, and a host of other names more or less intimately connected with the short-lived Republic of 1848, have entered heartily into the movement to accomplish a revolution. The time is not ill-chosen. Never has the Emperor Napoleon been less popular in France than now. Even in the Provinces his former adherents are turning against him. He stands, as it were, almost isolated in the midst of a surging multitude of enemies, whose sole object is to rid themselves alike of him and of the Empire he has attempted to re-establish and consolidate. But whilst these people have combined together to overthrow the existing Government, they entertain discordant ideas, and not being able to agree among themselves, have no better Government to suggest.

Chestertown is looking up. On the principal thoroughfare, the Broadway of an ancient burg, new and fresh looking houses are rapidly taking the places of the dingy old rat-harbers of the past; still a few of the latter stand, probably to the past may not be wholly ignored or entirely forgotten. The people are plausibly inclined, read their Bibles, and remember that "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." It would not do to reach unexampled prosperity at a single bound.

Among the improvements that are to be, a new Methodist Episcopal Church is talked of. It will occupy a vacant lot in the rear of the residence of the late lamented Judge Eccleston, and in front of the tasteful domes of the Hon. George Vickers. No more eligible site could be selected in the precincts of the town. High, airy and dry, it will be easy of access to the whole population. I learn that an estimable and modest citizen will present the lot, together with a donation in cash of One Thousand Dollars, besides paying a very liberal price for the old church, now standing in front of the Voshell House. Surely now the citizens should see to it that the new structure shall be a credit both to the town and the principles of Methodism and Christianity. Besides, the completion of this improvement will abate a public nuisance by filling up an unsightly claus on the principal street of the town.

At the approaching election a new Board of School Commissioners are to be elected, the first under the new School Law; the present Board having been appointed by the County Commissioners to serve until a regular election. It is not deemed an office of great honor or profit, and is important (in a party sense) only as it involves the appointment of a Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner, a trinity of official dignity and capacity in one man.

The President has appointed Samuel R. Barlow, United States Marshal for Eastern New York, to succeed General Barlow, resigned.

The election of J. B. Crockett and William I. Wallace, the Democratic candidates for the Supreme Bench of California, is conceded.

A fire at Manteno, Ill. destroyed the freight depot of the Illinois Central Railroad, with a block of business houses. Loss \$60,000.

The *Voz de Cuba* is pleased and the *Prensa*, of Havana, is dissatisfied with the decree establishing religious freedom.

A telegram from London announces that George Peabody is seriously ill, and that his recovery is considered doubtful.

Commodore Worden, of Monitor fame, has been appointed Superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

It is estimated that this year's cranberry crop, in Ocean county, New Jersey, will be worth \$2,500,000.

It is estimated that the public debt statement for October will show a reduction of \$8,000,000.</

